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LONDON
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Mrs. John Aubrey-Fletcher and Susan

Mrs. Aubrey-Fletcher was photographed with her daughter in the garden at Chilton House, Aylesbury, the home of her father-in-law, Sir Henry Aubrey-Fletcher, Bt., D.S.O., M.V.O. She is the only child of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Egerton, Coldstream Guards, and married in 1939 Major John H. L. Aubrey-Fletcher, eldest of Sir Henry's four sons. Her husband is in the Grenadier Guards, and in peace time is a barrister. Susan was born in 1940



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Unfolding

GENERAL MONTGOMERY's plans are now unfolding slowly but surely, in a manner which must give full satisfaction to the sober-minded. We are now able to visualize some part of the whole Allied offensive. The picture is not yet complete by any means, but we shall not have to wait long before it is. We are living through vital weeks. Time is important. Every day counts. As Mr. Churchill has shown, all who are responsible for our war plans recognize the necessity of speed. Speed to encompass and finally defeat Germany. Above all, speed to rescue and restore Europe.

Optimism

IN Washington there has never been since the start of the war such an outbreak of optimism as in these last few days. It is all the more compelling because the Administration have always done their best to curb wishful thinking. Lately there has been much talk in the American capital of Germany's impending collapse, as though the fact had in some way been established. I would like to think that Washington was right. I fear, however, that much must happen before these hopes can be confirmed.

Justification

As I anticipated, General Montgomery's patience and caution have been amply justified. He deliberately sacrificed early and more spectacular forms of frontal assault on Rommel's forces for a process of careful but consistent gnawing. By this process he wore down the German forces, divided them and

then struck his way right through them. This is typical of General Montgomery's methods; typical of the way he watches the safety of those under him in order to ensure their success.

Brilliant

IT is too early to compare the Russian campaign as the armies crowd against the Reich and the smaller but equally important—and complementary—Allied offensives in Italy and the North of France. In Russia the distances are incomparably greater. In Italy the terrain is incomparably more difficult. In Northern France there has never been so many men crowded for battle in so small a space. The Russians are in process of routing and humbling the pride and strength of Germany. Nothing can rob the Russians of the glory of this great achievement. At some point one would imagine that the Germans must stand to defend the territory of the Reich. The best experts believe that if the Germans do stand, it will not be for very long. The momentum of the Russian advance is such that nothing can obstruct it. If this is true, the time cannot be far distant when the Russians are in front of Berlin. At the rate of the present advance, the date for this memorable event to occur is said to be within six weeks' time.

Plotting

CAN Himmler succeed in his plan to snatch a compromise peace with Russia? This has become the topic of speculation among diplomats more than soldiers. The soldiers do not think that the Russians will stop until they have seen the complete and absolute defeat of

Germany. The military argument is sound beyond doubt. The Russians must defeat Germany for the sake of their own future safety. Marshal Stalin is a man who thinks in terms of the future more than the present.

If Himmler fails—as he must—it will be his greatest and his final reverse. It is becoming fairly clear that he has never shared in the enthusiasm for the Russian campaign. We cannot tell, of course, but it would not surprise me if the Russian campaign, and Stalingrad in particular, has not been the cause of a rupture between Hitler and Himmler which has never been healed. All the indications are that Himmler has replaced Hitler, and merely uses the Fuehrer's name to accomplish his own ends. There is no doubt that Himmler is now the chief architect of all Nazi designs. Hitler lives in the background, and is used merely as a puppet. It is the belief of those who know Himmler the Butcher that in the last resort, when failure faces him, he will use his large home front army to make war on the German people. It is not a happy thought, although we must face it, that the Allies may be robbed of a clean-cut victory, and that Germany will be rent with civil war, for such might lead to anarchy and not only in Germany.

Finale

VON PAPEN seems to have played his last hand in diplomacy. He has been asked to leave Turkey. The Turkish Government have at last made up their minds to join the Allies. This is an important development, if somewhat late in the day. It means that the Germans are going to be deprived of all manner of war supplies, and that their prestige in South-Eastern Europe plunges to its final decline. I doubt whether the Turks will go further and enter the war on the side of the Allies. They may have wanted to do so, but it may not suit the Allies to divert their plans at this climax in the war. But there was a time when Turkish help and Turkish bases would have played an invaluable part in the Allied war schemes.

Speculation

I WONDER what will happen to von Papen now that his mission has finally failed. Will he go back to Germany to play politics? His has been a remarkable career. There are some who blame him more than anybody else



Two Royal Visitors at an A.T.S. Wing of a Staff College in South-Eastern Command

The Queen was interested in a map reading class, and stopped to talk to Jr. Cdr. Notcott, of London, Sub. Wells, of Bristol, and Capt. Jean Varn of Fort Meade, Florida, three of the trainees at the college



The Princess Royal, Controller Commandant of the A.T.S., seen here with Jr. Cdr. Thompson, was also a visitor at the college in South-Eastern Command, where A.T.S. officers are trained to take up staff jobs



Sir Oliver Leese Receives His Knighthood from the King

During his tour of the Italian front the King held a series of investitures, and on this occasion he gave the accolade of knighthood to Lt.-Gen. Sir Oliver Leese, Commander of the 8th Army. Already a baronet, Sir Oliver Leese was awarded the K.C.B. last October in recognition of his gallant and distinguished services in Sicily

for the emergence of Hitler. There seems little doubt that von Papen helped Hitler to power in the hope that eventually the German people would disown the whole Nazi conception of life for Germany.

Von Papen was wrong, but through many vicissitudes, in which his life was in danger from dangerous men, he has survived. Germany is not a happy place for aristocrats of von Papen's kidney, and unless Himmler has use for him we may have seen the last of this wily German. I am not certain that we have, however. He has great capacity for intrigue and he is not the man to walk into an open trap. He may follow the example of a number of those who have served with him in Turkey, and seek refuge outside Germany. This can be said with certainty; Germany's present plight is no surprise to von Papen. He has seen it coming for a good long time. He was one of the first Germans to express the fear that Germany could not win the war.

Talks

M. MIKOLAJCZYKA's decision to fly to Moscow to see Marshal Stalin was a bold challenge to all the political elements within the émigré Polish Government in London; an action of great personal courage. It is a pity that something as bold and as statesmanlike as this was not undertaken before. The late General Sikorski had paved the way, but successive

internal political upheavals had made the path difficult for M. Mikolajczyka, and not until the last moment did he grasp an opportunity for a personal meeting with Marshal Stalin. There is no secret now that Mr. Churchill was responsible for making the arrangements. He has devoted much time to the Polish problem, and it is to be hoped that even at this late hour his labours will not have been in vain.

Soviet Russian policy has always been plain for the world to accept. It is that Marshal Stalin desires to see a Poland independently administered which is friendly to Soviet Russia. The operative words are "administered" and "friendly." Marshal Stalin has no desire to undertake the responsibility of administering Poland. Russia is suffering—at this moment—a great shortage of men fitted for administrative duties; and after the war the restoration of Russia according to the plans and ambitions of Marshal Stalin will demand all available and administratively able manpower. Equally, it is essential that Soviet Russia should have a friendly Poland; it represents part of his great scheme for the future defence of All the Russias.

Security

No man is better suited to conduct the discussions on future world security which are starting in Washington than Sir Alexander



Middle East First Night

The first performance of "My Sister Eileen" given by the Anglo-American Theatre Guild in Cairo was attended by many British and U.S. officers. Here is Lt.-Gen. R. G. W. H. Stone, G.O.C. British Troops in Egypt, with Mrs. Stone and Lt.-Col. T. Burton

Cadogan, permanent head of the Foreign Office. For several years he was the British representative at Geneva, and he knows all the failings as well as the advantages of the old League of Nations. The talks in Washington, in which Britain, Soviet Russia, the United States and China will join are of the highest importance. They indicate that the Four Powers are determined to do their utmost to organize for peace as soon as it can be secured. They do not intend to allow themselves to be overtaken by events. As soon as hostilities cease, they intend to have a plan of security ready to be put into operation. I wonder if we shall see another trek to Geneva, or will the Powers decide that old hopes which failed in achievement are better buried where they were born, and that some new venue might provide a better chance?



At Tactical Air Force H.Q.

The Duchess of Kent was shown round by Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham, A.O.C. No. 2 Tactical Air Force, when she visited their headquarters. She saw the joint war room of the 2nd T.A.F. and the 9th U.S.A.A.F.

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

"Once More Unto The Breach . . ." By James Agate

THIS being holiday week, and in the absence of any worth-while films not already noticed, I propose to return to a favourite subject, one which has been the theme of many hundreds of letters. I mean the old case of theatre *versus* cinema. Or, if you prefer it, cinema *versus* theatre. This battle has continued ever since the picture-houses began to attract people away from the play. And then, suddenly, comes a truce.

As I understand big business, situations often

arise something like this. Two stores on opposite sides of the road, after cutting each other's throats for years, suddenly decide to kiss, commingle and swallow one another, in the politer phrase, amalgamate. And go on taking more money than ever out of the public's pocket. A similar situation arises between the theatre and the cinema, or perhaps it would be better to say that battle continues to be forced upon them by the fervents of the older institution, who resent not only the opposition but the

same carpet as your betters. Here is the contrast. In the theatre the foyer is for boxes stalls, and one circle only; half the house must creep in at the back. In the cinema the foyer is common ground; fountains splash and gold fish gape on rich and poor alike; duke meet duchess, and tailor's apprentice his girl on the same multicoloured, lush carpet. Most important of all, *every* seat in the cinema is a seat in a front row of stalls; visibility and audibility are perfect in the remotest corner of the house. Whereas in some of our playhouses . . .

IN the days of the great actors there was something to be seen and heard by the pittance and the gallery-boy. But our modern school of naturalistic acting has altered all that. To anybody seated more than ten rows away it is often as though on the stage nothing was



"English Without Tears" is set in a great Mayfair mansion converted by the exigencies of war into a club for Allied Services. Here the owner, Lady Christabel Beauclerk (Margaret Rutherford), and her niece Joan (Penelope Dudley Ward) bring together men of all the Allied Nations—with some surprising results. The family butler, Gilbey (Michael Wilding), joins the army and rises to the social prominence of major; there is a fascinating foreigner, Brigid Knudsen (Lilli Palmer), with whom the male members of the club appear to be mysteriously involved and there is a delightful Frenchman, Freycinet (Claude Dauphin), who wrote (in French) "Love in Six Lessons" and who finally pairs off with Brigid. The film is a light-hearted romance of the lighter side of life in London in wartime. It is a Two Cities film directed by Anatole de Grunwald



Toumanova, the young ballerina who danced with Pavlova in Paris in 1924 and with Colonel de Basil's "Monte Carlo Ballet Russe" in London and New York, is to make her debut as a dramatic actress in a new RKO Radio film, "Days of Glory," just completed in Hollywood. The film will probably be coming over here in a month or two

coming into being of the younger. What all of us old fogies don't quite realize is that the theatre cannot afford a war which it must lose, while the cinema is in the happy position of being so certain of winning that it doesn't care whether there is a battle or not.

THIS much is certain: that the war which the theatre must lose, if it ever engages in it, is the material one. And in this connection it is important to note that the last ditchers for the theatre are always the people who can afford to sit in the stalls. The superiority of the cinema in the matter of comfort and cheapness is generally admitted. Those of us who in the theatre always sit in the stalls have never quite realized what it is to queue up for hours and subsequently be herded together on uncomfortable benches and treated generally as a lower caste. In the cinema Jack and Jill are as good as their master and mistress; they are as comfortably seated, and, most significant of all, those who run cinemas have discovered that even the meanest of their customers like to be treated as patrons. At the suburban cinemas or for that matter in any of the West End luxury picture palaces—it matters nothing where your seat may be or how little you have paid for it; as you proceed to it, you tread the

happening. Most significant of all is the fact that today's audiences have ceased recruiting. Look round any London theatre in normal times and you will find that where the play is non-musical the audience is predominantly middle-aged. Young people have got it into their heads that it is the cinema and not the theatre which to them is vital.

THOSE of us who love the play will not combat this anti-theatre tendency by the ostrich-like pretence that the film is not an art and that it is a vulgar form of amusement as remote from the theatre as if it were baseball or shove-ha'penny. This is nonsense. There are fine plays and vulgar plays, and there are fine films and vulgar films. It would be better to say that the film bears to the theatre the same relation that those marvellous reproductions in colour-printing do to the great masters. I can, if I like, cover my walls with reproductions of Canaletto and Guardi, of Renoir and Cézanne, of Manet and Monet; and I shall not maintain that these replicas are as good as the originals. But I will maintain that my walls will be better decorated than they would be by any original paintings which I can afford to buy. Similarly the film brings to the smaller towns and remoter villages better



"Song of the Open Road" introduces a new young starlet, Jane Powell, who plans to follow in the famous footprints of Deanna Durbin. Jane appears as herself in the company of such well-known stars as Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, Bonita Granville and W. C. Fields. The story tells of Jane's adventures when she runs away from Hollywood to join a Youth Hostel. Here she teams up with Jack (Jackie Moran), his girl friend Bonnie (Bonita Granville), Bill (Bill Christy), and his girl friend, Peggy (Peggy O'Neill). They are called in to help farmers rescue an entire orange grove threatened by windstorm. Jane saves the situation by getting the support of her Hollywood friends and organizing a concert in the orange grove, where all the fans are called upon to do their share of the orange saving. The film is at the Tivoli now

entertainment than that arising out of any flesh-and-blood performances which they can afford.

Now, how is the theatre of the future going to be affected by all this? I am inclined to answer: Very adversely if and for so long as it insists upon regarding the film as an enemy instead of a useful ally. On the other hand there are many older people who persist in pleading for a revived and restored theatre uncontaminated—I have no objection to the word—by the film. I believe that that, too, is possible, but that the only way to it lies through a return to the great actor. I do not believe that if the purely naturalistic school of acting persists the theatre can survive. I believe that sooner or later the day of toying with cigarette-cases and soda-syphons will be

over, for the simple reason that crowds cannot be assembled to watch the performance of these feats by people whose ignorance of elocution makes them inaudible. After all, the cigarette and the whisky are only the accompaniment to what is being said.

LET me conclude my holiday discourse. In my view there will probably always be two kinds of theatre which the film cannot hurt: the little theatre for the great play and the big theatre for the great actor. But, even so, I feel that the theatre will in the future be known simply as "theatre" in which must be included the film. United, both will stand; divided, it will not be the film which will fall. At the same time players on the stage and on the screen must not mix: the technique of each is different and will not assimilate to the other.

Have you seen your professional film-star condescend to give a stage-performance? The result is nearly always a cropper. Have you seen your professional actor forced to give a screen-performance? All the faults more or less concealed when he was on the stage, come forth and reveal him as one who cannot stand, sit, speak, or walk. And oh! say his stage-fans, Isn't he plain! No, let us keep these two sets of players apart: there is stage-craft and there is screen-craft, and the players in both these genres are better divided. In this way each will give us that delight which appertains to two seemingly allied but actually totally opposed arts, which, however, have got to be reconciled if one of them is not to go under. How do I propose to reconcile them? I propose that the National Theatre, if ever we have one, should include a Hall for Films.



"Give Us The Moon" has been written for the screen by Val Guest from the novel *"The Elephant is White,"* by Caryl Brahms and S. J. Simon. It is London, three years after the war. Wealthy newcomers to London are subjected to a new racket. They receive a mysterious invitation inviting them to a rendezvous with a beautiful Russian princess. Their evening is spent waiting in vain for the princess who fails to materialize, the money they spend in the meantime on food and drink falling into the hands of the racketeers. Plans go awry when Pete (Peter Graves), ex-R.A.F. officer and son of a rich hotel proprietor, gets an invitation, investigates and learns the truth. In the cast, l. to r. above, are Peter Graves, Margaret Lockwood, Vic Oliver, Jean Simmons, and Frank Cellier. The film was produced by Edgard Black at Gainsborough Studios

The Theatre

"Macbeth" (Lyric, Hammersmith)

By Horace Horsnell

MR. ROBERT ATKINS, whose Bankside Players have brought *Macbeth* on a short visit to the Hammersmith Lyric, must know more about ways and means of staging Shakespeare than almost any man since Shakespeare himself. He has presented him in the open air, in the boxing-ring, on modern and pseudo-Elizabethan stages, and in the theatre of his imagination, which is the only true playhouse of Shakespearean idealists. Meanwhile he is indefatigably ringing the changes on this inexhaustible theme and repertory at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon.

His Bankside Players are a group of touring Shakespeareans whose methods are simple, practical and effective. With them the play (not the scenic accessories) is the thing. I recall performances given by them in the Ring at Blackfriars, and particularly a production of *Much Ado About Nothing*, that were as stimulating as enjoyable. Seen from the circle of seats usually packed by vociferous fans, and lit by the overhead arc lights in which the boxers displayed their ringcraft, these performances made one wish to see more of Shakespeare from so revealing a point of view.

THOUGH possibly not Shakespeare's most popular play, *Macbeth* is one of the legendary masterpieces. Moreover, it is superblyactable—by the right players. Both Macbeth himself and his awful lady have long been favourite roles in which our most famous players have proved their quality and established their renown. Who has not heard of Mrs. Siddons



Banquo, "lesser than Macbeth, and greater" (Wilfred Fletcher as one of King Duncan's generals)

Sketches by
Tom Titt

Left: "What are these? So withered and so wild in their attire" (Peter Bennett, Sarah Jackson and Olga May as the three witches)

in the sleep-walking scene, of Edmund Kean's lightning attack, and the prodigies performed by Garrick?

The Bankside Players at Hammersmith may not challenge these legends or create new ones of their own, but they have in Mr. Ernest Milton a virtuoso who does not take his lines for granted or let their poetry go by default, and in Miss Vivienne Bennett an actress who supports him with strength and intelligence.

In the good old days critical as well as popular interest centred on the performances of the leading players, rather than on the play. What would seem to us minor details attracted acute attention. The introduction by the actor of a new piece of business—the raising of a sword point, say, which hitherto he had lowered—was news, to be discussed by the pundits with due solemnity.

That is unlikely to happen here. There is a refreshing absence of "business" and accessory distractions from this production. The settings could hardly be simpler—or more effective. These plain but appropriate curtains show up the characters in clear relief, and make the rare introduction of properties—a stool or a

table—more helpful to the play than a repository of pretentious splendours.

MACBETH must be one of the most deceptively difficult of all the major Shakespearean roles; in some respects even more exacting than Lear. It calls for both strength and subtlety. It can be got through with robust declamation, the superb poetical splashes being singled out for the purple patches they undoubtedly are—chicken garnishing ham, as it were. But there is, or should be, more to it than that.

Blending the plain with the purl, Mr. Milton presents Macbeth as the strangely subtle character Shakespeare the poet and melodramatist has drawn. To this Macbeth the moods and murders of Glamis are more than realistic homicide. He does not slaughter in cold blood, but urged thereto by fate, and with the shadow of Nemesis ever between him and the sun of his ambition.

With a host so disordered and a hostess so justifiably distracted, the frightful banquet hardly needed the ghost of Banquo to chill its festive warmth. It was indeed a bleak and bitter feast, and must have filled the hearts and gossip of the homeward-bound guests on the black Scottish roads with wild surmise. Not that the guests themselves were very cosy revellers, or Lady Macbeth a very encouraging hostess. She seemed to me a thought too peremptory both in her invitation to the feast and in her dismissal.

The witches get through their gruesome rites with audibility and dispatch. Poor Lady Macduff and her chick stress the topicality of much of the play, and sweeten tragedy with pathos, and Lady Macbeth sleep-walks without disturbing the ghost of Mrs. Siddons. Miss Bennett looks well, has an excellent deportment, and plays up to her difficult consort with a rueful loyalty that seems to appreciate the bitterness of love's labour lost.



"Art thou afeard to be the same in thine own act and valour, as thou art in desire?" (Ernest Milton as Macbeth, Vivienne Bennett as Lady Macbeth)

"Their Music Tells Many a Tale"

A Brilliant Trio Play and Sing in Camps, Factories and Canteens

● C.E.M.A. Concerts are a regular part of war-time life in England, and this team of three—Cecelia Keating, Joan Davies and Eve Maxwell-Lyte—form a typical C.E.M.A. party, bringing Mozart, Bach, Beethoven, Brahms and the folk songs of all nations to the crews of Flying Fortresses and many others. ● **Cecelia Keating**, a New Zealander, won a scholarship at the Royal College of Music in 1935 and has played her violin in over 600 C.E.M.A. concerts since September 1940—factories, rest centres, Home Fleet, everywhere. ● **Joan Davies** trained at the R.A.M. with Wesley Roberts, winning the Dove prize (best student of the year). Toured England and the Continent. Drove an ambulance through the London blitz. First Prom 1943. Broadcasts with B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra and gives recitals. Soloist in the Brandenburg Concerto No. 5 at first Bach night of this season's Proms. Has even played down a coal-mine! ● **Eve Maxwell-Lyte**, "the Ruth Draper of Song," sings in many languages and makes the meaning clear by mime. Toured America and Canada before the war, worked in a Government office until released for C.E.M.A. Apart from visiting remote villages, huts and hostels, these three have performed in nearly every American camp and hospital in England.

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Eve Maxwell-Lyte, Joan Davies and Cecelia Keating



Cecelia (with Two E's) Keating



Joan Davies, Soloist or Accompanist

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

The King Abroad

TO such a high degree were the security measures concerning the King's visit to Italy taken that some members of His Majesty's own Household had no idea that the King was abroad until they read the official announcement in the daily papers. The absence of the Royal Standard from the flagstaff over Buckingham Palace was no indication that the King had left the realm, for two days before his actual departure by air for Italy the King had left the Palace by car with the Queen to spend a couple of nights in the country with the Princesses. To Princess Elizabeth, who, with her mother and sister, went to the airfield to see him take off, the King had some last-minute words of advice and counsel to give on her new and grave responsibilities as a Counsellor of State, and to both his daughters

and to the Queen the King promised, if possible, to bring back some souvenirs of his tour.

With the King went two of his old friends, Sir Eric Miéville, tall, suave and charming, who does such an important job on the Royal staff as Assistant Private Secretary, and Lt.-Col. the Hon. Sir Piers Legh, who doubles the posts of Equerry to the King and Master of the Royal Household. Besides "Joey"—as Grenadier Sir Piers is known throughout the Brigade and in the Royal Household—went the bearer of another well-known nickname, G/Capt. E. H. Fielden, Captain of the King's Flight, a rare visitor to the Royal scene in these days when he has charge of an important phase of the bombing offensive against Germany. All his fellow-pilots in the R.A.F., everyone at Court, and a host of friends throughout the country as well, know G/Capt. Fielden as

duty of explaining to the Princess the importance of each of the documents put before her for signature. With her quite considerable knowledge of the constitution and of constitutional history, Princess Elizabeth, who has made a special study of these subjects for some years under such tutors as Mr. H. K. L. Marten, the eminent historian who is Vice-Provost of Eton, found the reading of the up-to-the-minute State papers much more fascinating than these somewhat dry and involved documents would be to most of us. The King regards this work, which devolves on the Princess as a direct result of the reframing of the Regency Act at His Majesty's personal request, by the Houses of Parliament last winter, as a very important part of her training for the position on the throne which will, presumably, one day be hers, and he has asked for an independent report on the way she carries out her duties to be given him when he returns.

Dinner Tables

MARIE LADY WILLINGTON, who works so untriflingly for the Red Cross and St. John, had discarded her uniform for a cool summer frock when she was entertaining a party of friends to dinner at a restaurant. During dinner, at her favourite table in the centre of the room, many friends stopped to have a word with her on their way in or out



Mrs. Anthony Eden and Capt. Glenn Miller were present at the opening performance of "Going My Way," proceeds of which were given to the Stage Door Canteen Welfare Fund



Lady Fox, wife of Sir Gifford Fox, M.P., was with Miss Dorothy Dickson, whose last appearance on the London stage a short time ago was in Eric Linklater's "Crisis in Heaven"



Mr. Ivor Novello was with Mrs. Charles Sweeney in the foyer. The film co-stars Bing Crosby as a young priest, and Rise Stevens, the Metropolitan opera singer, as Jenny Linden

First-Nighters at the London Premiere of "Going My Way," at the Plaza



London Dinner-Party

In spite of the doodle-bombs, most of the London restaurants are still well attended in the evenings. Major Robert Maclean chose the May Fair to entertain Miss Isabel Deame and Mrs. John Mitchell-Hedges

"Mouse," though few if any of them could explain the reason for the cognomen.

Counsellors of State

HER MAJESTY remained out of London while the King was away, and carried out a number of engagements on her own, including a visit to the Army Comforts Depot at Reading, and to a United States Army hospital "somewhere in Oxfordshire," where the Queen set a number of high-ranking U.S. officers thinking furiously by innocently enquiring if any of them knew how the "Bronx"—the New York district, not the cocktail—came by its name.

The Queen, as one of the five Counsellors of State appointed by the King to act as his deputies during his absence from the Kingdom, had also a very considerable amount of reading and signing of State papers to occupy her time. As senior Counsellor, Her Majesty made it her business to see each and every one of the papers sent from Whitehall, and her signature, with that of Princess Elizabeth, as next senior Counsellor, has appeared on nearly every Act of Parliament and other State documents needing the Royal authority since the King left.

To the Queen, too, has fallen the pleasant

Lady Willington, who has a tremendous circle of friends all over the world, has a wonderful memory for faces: this was a great asset during the years the late Lord Willington was Governor-General of Canada, and then Viceroy and Governor-General of India, where they were both very much beloved by everyone.

The Duke of Roxburghe and Lord Irwin were dining quietly together, in uniform; they are both in the Household Cavalry, and at the present time have staff appointments in London. Mrs. Diana Smyley, in very good looks, was dining à deux with Lord Delamere, Lt.-Col. Michael Crichton, who was out in the Middle East for some time, had his wife dining with him at another table. Lt.-Col. and Lady Jean Rankin were in a quartette near by. Lady Jean, who has been working hard for the W.V.S. since the beginning of the war, is the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Stair; her younger sister married one of Lord Milford's sons, the Hon. Hanning Philipps.

Out and About

KING PETER OF YUGOSLAVIA and Queen Alexandra were shopping together in the grocery department of a famous store on a



Holidaying in Cornwall

A. Rahm

In this picture taken at Rock, in Cornwall, we see Ailwyn Broughton, son of Major Broughton, The Blues, looking after little Sarah Jane Corbett, daughter of Lt.-Col. Corbett of Combined Operations, while Gerald John Ward was entertaining Henrietta Tiarks, and making her laugh. Henrietta's parents are W/Cdr. and Mrs. Henry Tiarks



Yevonde

London Christening

Brig. and Mrs. W. G. Glencairn-Campbell's baby son was christened recently at Holy Trinity, Brompton, and given the names of Diarmid Cecil Brinton. He was photographed on the occasion with his parents and his sister, Katrina

recent Saturday morning. The Queen was hatless and looking very pretty. They were looking at the various bottled and tinned foods, and obviously enjoying making their choices together, as any other young married couple. Further on, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, in R.A.F. uniform, was waiting for the traffic lights to enable him to cross Piccadilly. He recently had a bereavement in the family: his aunt, Lady Bernard Gordon-Lennox, was killed when a fly-bomb hit the Guards' Chapel. A very gracious and sweet woman, she endeared herself to everyone. The wife of a gallant soldier (Lord Bernard was killed while serving with the Grenadier Guards in the last war) and the mother of another gallant soldier, Col. George

Gordon-Lennox, who led his men so magnificently and himself displayed such bravery on the Anzio beachhead this spring, Lady Bernard herself worked hard and tirelessly for the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association at their clothing depot. Also seen were Count and Countess Paul Munster; Countess Munster is one of the Hon. Mrs. Cyril Ward's daughters, and a sister of Lady Stavordale.

Naval Exhibition

"FIVE YEARS OF NAVAL WARFARE" is the title given to the interesting exhibition opened at Harrods recently in collaboration with the Admiralty. Lord Bruntisfield, Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, opened

the exhibition, and made an excellent speech saying how much we all owe to the Royal Navy and the Merchant Navy for the tremendous part they have taken in this war. For obvious reasons, we cannot be told now of all the hazardous tasks they have undertaken, or of all the wonderful feats they have achieved. Let us hope when the war is won that no story of these gallant men will be left untold.

Lord Bruntisfield is himself the father of a sailor; his second son, Simon, joined the Navy when he left Eton. His eldest son, John, is in the Scots Greys, and was in the Middle East campaign; Lord Bruntisfield served in the Grenadier Guards during the last war, when he was awarded the M.C.

(Concluded on page 184)



Engaged to be Married

Major E. Beddington Behrens, M.C., R.A., of 55, Park Lane, W., and Princess Irena Obolensky announced their engagement a short time ago. She is the second daughter of Prince and Princess Serge Obolensky



M. and Mme. Paul Ruegger in London

The new Swiss Minister in London and his wife were photographed shortly after their arrival. M. Ruegger, Swiss Minister in Rome from 1935 to 1942, has since been working for the Committee of the International Red Cross



The Aclands' Home in Devon

● Sir Richard Acland, Bt., M.P., founder of Britain's newest party, is a busy man, but when his work allows him to get home his three little boys see that he is kept amused. Lady Acland, like her husband, has a full-time job running the house and estate and looking after her children, and when at home her husband helps her in the garden. Sir Richard, elected in 1935 as Liberal Member for, Barnstaple, decided in 1942 to become an Independent Member, in order to continue his political work with the Common Wealth group. Last year he announced his decision not to contest the seat at the next General Election, but to stand as Common Wealth candidate elsewhere. He married in 1936 Miss Anne Alford, and their three sons are John, Robert and Henry



Relaxation for Sir Richard and Lady Acland in Their Charming House



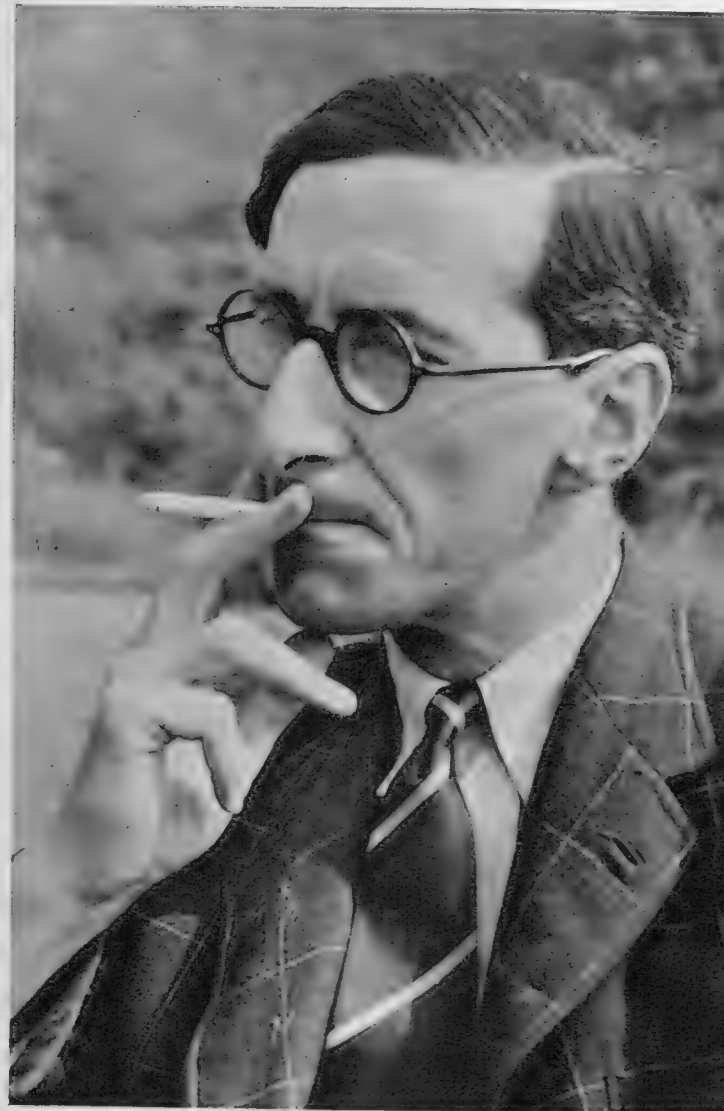
A Talk to the Rabbit



John, Robert and Henry with Their Parents in the Garden



John and Robert Give Their Father a Lesson in Tree-Climbing



A Cigarette as an Aid to Thought



Lady Acland Cuts Lupins for the House



Sir Richard is an Expert with the Scythe

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THAT technique of the concerted cut-direct with which the vast majority of Frenchwomen—especially Parisiennes—have made the Boche look silly for four years is nothing new, as one of the Special Correspondent boys seemed to assume.

If you've ever curled up with the diverting memoirs of a gallant Regency buck named Captain Gronow, of the Guards, who fought at Waterloo, you'll remember the great Welcome Ball thrown by the collaborationist maire of St. Jean-de-Luz when that charming town was Wellington's temporary GHQ in 1813. The ball, attended by some 300 officers, was a great success except that the only woman present was Lady Waldegrave. Although the maire danced a hornpipe, learned at Plymouth while a prisoner of war, Ensign Gronow voted the festivities not so hot.

Footnote

NOR all his brother-officers minded, we guess. Like Noel Coward's Regency rakes and H.R.H. himself, certain fashionable Guardees at this time made rather an issue of adipose tissue and were stout fellows in every sense. "The enemy seemed to choose our fattest officers," remarks the gay Gronow of the prisoners taken after the unfortunate sortie at Bayonne, and one of them, the Hon. "Bull" Townshend, an unwieldy *bon vivant*, earned a few kicks in his well-cut breeches for not trotting rearwards quickly enough. One feels a Montgomery would have obviated such misfortunes by getting the Brigade out daily at 5 a.m. for a brisk stripped run, but one naturally wouldn't care to raise this point in the Guards' Club.

Task

A RECENT order to the German forces to cultivate humour shows the Boche is a slow learner, for the military authorities started on him years ago.

Some time before this war a Staff chap we know visiting a barracks near Potsdam found one long room hung entirely with enlarged *Bystander* cartoons (1914-18) by Bairnsfather. Under each was a couple of inches of careful, close-packed explanation of the joke, in the *Punch* manner. This chap especially remembered one in which Alf says to Old Bill, as a shell crashes through their billet-wall:

"What was that?", to which Old Bill grunts: "A mouse." Under this the military authorities explained that it was not really, of course, a mouse, but a shell. Probably regimental fun-officers examined the troops on it at intervals.

"You—No. 28. What's the point?"

"Herr Hauptmann, he says it is a mouse!"

"Well?"

"Herr Hauptmann, I cannot believe this to be right! It is English cunning!"

"Fool, it is a joke."

"Herr Hauptmann, it is ignoble to deceive a steeltrue comrade! Army Conduct-Book XLI, 75."

A year later, maybe, this poor bewildered oaf gets the point, or maybe not. Nordics take some time to face up to these things. Tell a Swede a funny story in his youth and give him a good laugh in his old age (and, would you believe it, the Americans say this about us as well).



"S.H.A.E.F.?"

"No—haircut!"

Dominie

THAT purring noise you hear at intervals comes from the Headmasters' Conference, our spies report, trying ineffectually to conceal unwilling professional satisfaction at the recent elevation of Europe's most powerful schoolmaster to the supreme command of all armed forces within the Reich, including the Luftwaffe.

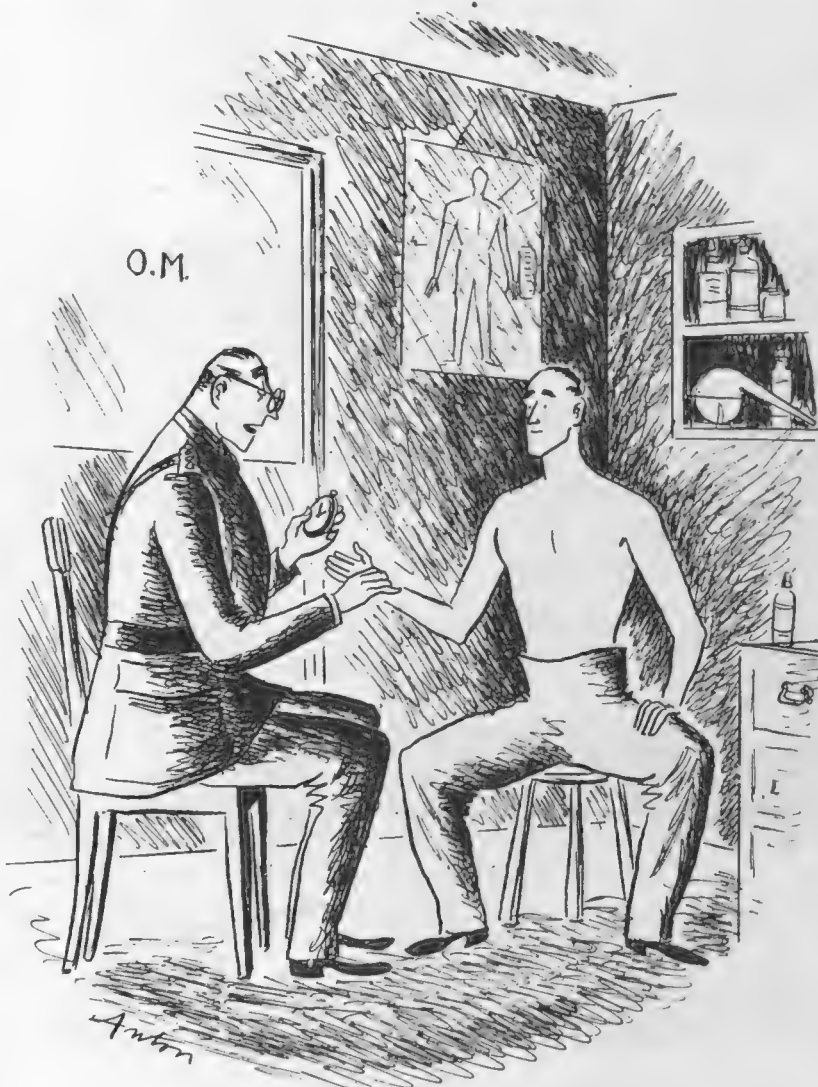
Behind Heinrich Himmler's prim pince-nez a pair of merciless little eyes reveal that if he hadn't risen by sheer merit to be Lord High Executioner of the Reich he'd be giving small boys unmitigated hell. He belongs more or less to the old Busby-Keate tradition and that early Victorian public school savagery which made Lord Salisbury shudder years later; though Keate's reign of terror at Eton didn't, oddly enough, make him unpopular. When the Allies occupied Paris in 1815, Gronow records (see above), a group of Old Etonians on Wellington's staff gave Keate a slap-up dinner and he whacked the bottle and cried "Floreat Etona!" as merrily as anybody, swearing he hadn't flogged his hosts half enough. You can't see the sadist Himmler being as matey as that. Himmler is, in fact, a museum-piece, the Victorian Platonic Idea of a schoolmaster, which makes the modern type look a bit sissy.

We hasten to add that we greatly esteem the modern schoolmaster type, which is very often such a cultivated, easy, genial man of the world that we'd entrust anything to it, except maybe a child's future.

Gift

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE dairy-farmers have won the Ministry of Food's special prize for winter milk production, and you'll never

(Concluded on page 174)



"H'm, it's getting late"



Lady Northampton is seen here seated at her desk, with her assistant, Lady Helen Smith, and Miss J. Bertram, Regional Organiser

With the W.V.S.

Personalities at Reading

● Lady Northampton is the Regional Administrator of the Women's Voluntary Service at Reading, and was visited by the photographer at her headquarters, with some of those who help her to carry on the good work

Photographs by Swaebe



Four hard-working members of the Reading W.V.S. are the Hon. Katherine Chatfield, Mrs. H. Dyson, Mrs. Guy de Pass and Mrs. Buchanan Brown



Here are Mrs. Frederick Browne and Miss Diana Gilbey operating the food containers which are supplied to the mobile vans



Going through garments for distribution in the clothing store are Mrs. H. McSheehy, Mrs. F. Burgess and Mrs. K. Edwards

Standing By ...

(Continued)

guess what it is. Eight . . . nine . . . ten . . . out. It's a churn; a Victory Churn. Well, dang me, Maria.

Just one more instance, we guess, of the bureaucrat's appalling lack of imagination. When we were "Mélisande" of *The Farmers' Weekly* we ran a heartsease column for the exclusive benefit of the Min. of Agriculture, containing such typical Answers to Correspondents in the Hick Belt as:

CHLOË (E. Sussex): If he still butts you on to the manure-heap in passing his love is obviously not dead; he merely needs fresh stimulation. Make him some little "surprise" gift, such as a new dungfork with dainty bows of art-silk ribbon here and there, and see the love-light in his eyes!

TOMBOY (Wessex): Is your sex-life a love-nest or a rummage-sale, dear? You must expect to be hit with a few things if you keep giving him miniature fretwork wheelbarrows, china dogs, and so forth! A farmer needs the gift that elevates, and I think a fumed-oak trouser-press is among these.

FORSKEN MILKMAID (Bucks.): For his birthday, you say, you gave him a piece of Turkish Delight and a clout over the ear with a sack of swedes, and he shot at you with his rookrifle. Maybe he lacks a sweet tooth? Write to me again in confidence, dear.

The Agriculture boys eagerly adopted and combined these hints into Farm Welfare Booklet MA/F/789/G/37 ("So You're Giving Varmer Turmutts a Present?") but as they were cutting the Food Ministry dead at the time, owing to a quarrel over a blonde typist with a weakly pretty face, it never got round to the Food boys. We don't give a hoot for Whitehall's degrading amours, but we don't think they should be allowed to gum up the nation's business entirely.

Racket

DECLARATIONS that the entire British Army is crazy with rage and despair at not getting enough Bach and Beethoven may be confidently expected to follow that recent walk-out of seven of the ten divisional-music-advisers to ENSA.

Some time ago it was Shakespeare's Sonnets the troops were said to be fighting like dogs for (cf. that yarn of Slogger Kipling's about an R.A. heavy battery which went haywire over that chintzy menace Jane Austen). Whimsies of this kind only appear in the papers when our soulmates the Fleet Street boys are tired out or suffering a hangover. When very weary or cross indeed they'd be quite likely to put out a big human-interest story beginning:

Plato's complete works are in such terrific demand by the troops on active service everywhere that booksellers are working day and night (etc., etc.).

This actually would create a terrific demand for Plato, just as a single Special Correspondent could once start a revolution in Central Europe by describing one out of his head from London. And maybe the same would go for Bach and Beethoven. The art of suggestion or hypnosis is very fascinating, as every publicity boy knows. Why are you reading this delicious prose? Because rich women keep chorusing in the papers that they'd die without it, simply divine, my dear, such *understanding*, such *soul*. Yet your best friends probably wouldn't care to tell you . . . no. Our mistake. That's the Oral Offence number. Anyway, you see the point?



"Now as I see it, the next war will be 'all-electric'"

Shrug

ON the reopening after bombing of G.H.Q. Olde-Tyme Merrie-Merrie, otherwise Cecil Sharp House, Regent's Park, we tipped our best Lock beaver to the memory of Sharp, but for whom the old songs and dances of the Race would have vanished, with their fragrance, like the morning mist over Severn Sea. At the same time we asked ourselves once again why folkdancing should embarrass us so damnably.

We probably found the answer some time ago at a festa in Aragon, where the village locals were dancing the jota. It was their traditional dance and they needed no cultured ladies and gentlemen from Madrid to show them how. Whereas if you mentioned Morris-dances at our weekly village-hall romp, our tiny local jazz-band, Joe Something and his Bandoliers, would hit you with all the hell-kitchen instruments they wield. For the modern English peasant cares for nothing but the Voodoo noises of the Broadway swamps. His taste has been so thoroughly debased by the BBC, the films, and other progressive elements that the merrie-merrie boys would be killed and eaten if they tried to convert him to decency, we guess.

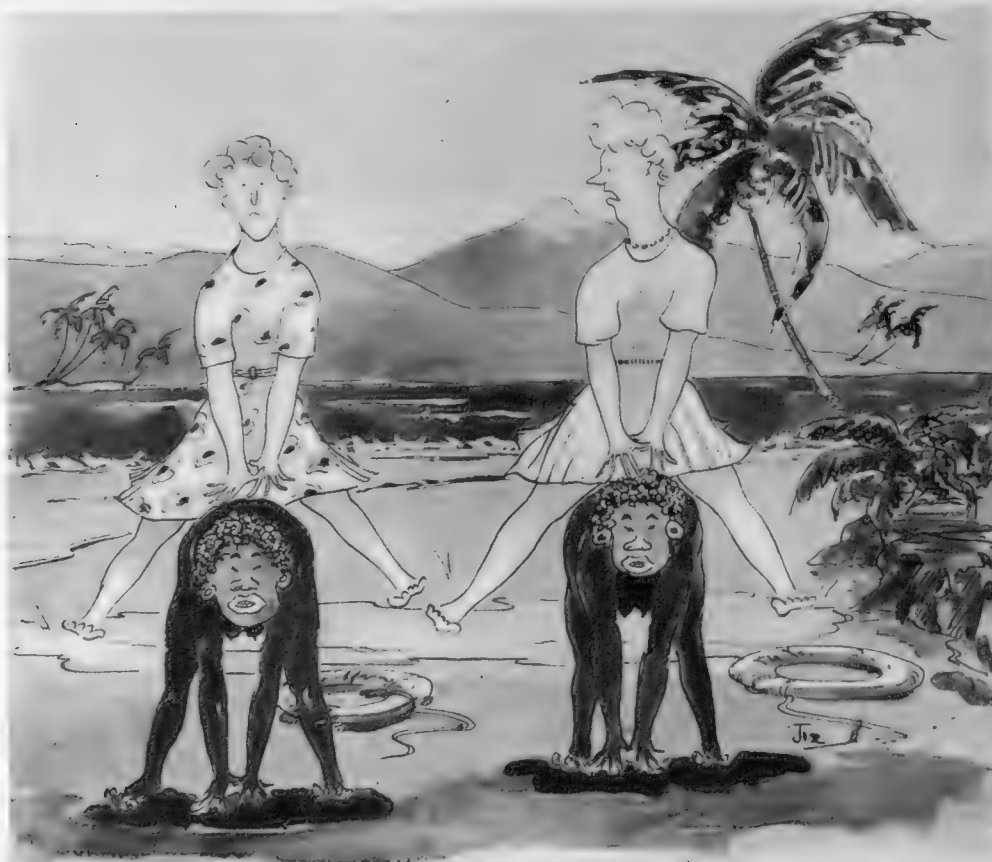
Hech

THAT piece of dry old Scots whimsy, "Rule Britannia," the work of Mr. James Thomson, was attributed by a careless gossip recently to "an English poet," which will doubtless cause some yammering in N.B. Meanwhile, here are three more odd occurrences for the North British to yammer off:

SONG	AUTHOR
Bonnie Mary of Argyle	Mr. Jeffreys (native of Wales)
Within a Mile of Edinbro' Toon	Mr. Hook (native of England)
Blue Bells of Scotland	Mrs. Jordan (native of England)

Mrs. Jordan, mistress to the Duke of Clarence, later William IV, that rosy-cheeked, warm-hearted, excellent sailor, had ten children. It is not known how she found time to get around and produce the *Blue Bells* as well. Our conjecture is that she owned a bicycle.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Personally, Mrs. Hargreaves, I think they're far too docile and untutored—just compare this to a game of leapfrog with Eileen and Doris Pilkington"



Air Vice-Marshal C. E. H. Medhurst, C.B., O.B.E., M.C.

Air Vice-Marshal Medhurst was appointed Commandant of the R.A.F. Staff College in August 1943. Deputy Director of Intelligence for some years before the war, and Air Attaché in Rome, Berné and Athens between 1937 and 1940, he then became R.A.F. Secretary of the Supreme War Council, and in 1941 Assistant Chief of Air Staff (Intelligence). Born in 1896 at King's Norton, Stafford, Air Vice-Marshal Medhurst began his military career in 1915 as a Lieutenant in the Inniskilling Fusiliers, was seconded to the R.F.C., serving in various squadrons in France and the Middle East. He was awarded the M.C. in 1918 "for successfully bombing from a low altitude hostile batteries which were in action, and silencing their fire"

"The White Cliffs of Dover"

The Film based on the Famous Poem Makes an Appealing Gesture to British and American Unity



"And now we stood
On a bridge, where a poet came to keep
Vigil while all the city lay asleep."

"A curious background surely for a kiss—
Our first—Westminster Bridge at break of day,
Settings by Wordsworth, as John used to say."

Susan (Irene Dunne), from an American small town, comes to England for a week in 1914, meets Sir John Ashwood (Alan Marshall) at a ball in Belgrave Square, dances with him and falls in love. He shows her London and Cambridge, and strolling away from a Mayfair party at dawn they watch the sun rise from Westminster Bridge. "The curtain rises and the stage is set for Tragedy"



"How beautiful in the huge print of
newspapers,
Beautiful while telegraph-wires
hum,
While telephone-bells wildly jingle,
The news that peace has come—"

The womenfolk (Irene Dunne, Dame May Whitty and Gladys Cooper) in 1918. The Americans have come in, the war is over. But John is killed at Douai in November and Susan, cheated of the husband she had so seldom seen—"our days had been so pitifully few"—is left with her memories and her son



"Oh, John; John, you shouldn't
Have come this long way. . . ."
"Did you really think I wouldn't
Be here to make you stay?"

Susan, homesick, takes the boat train to Southampton. John follows—and "presently, together, we were travelling back again"

"Johnie
then
Had be
the tra
Were m
Unconce



"Bringing him up better than I could do it.
Teaching him to be civil and manly and cool
In the face of danger. And then before
knew it
The time came for him to go off to school"

● Based on the late Alice Duer Miller's (August 10th) should follow in the footsteps of two Democracies. The poem tells the story of a lifetime. She marries a baronet, loses him in the mother-in-law, the second world struggle. Here his father's fate and is killed in action fighting Fontanne twice read it in serial form on the by Methuen and Co., in February 1941, it has since



were married—England
week at war, and all
as English people can,
it"

The wedding-cake is pre-rationing; the bridegroom wears his best scarlet. Susan's father (Frank Morgan), cynic, publisher and out-and-out Yank, sees the Englishman's faults as well as his sterling qualities. John's mother, Lady Jean (Gladys Cooper), daughter of a penniless Scottish peer, is the assured aristocrat—quiet, cool, aloof. But she and Susan, facing their griefs together, become firm friends



Sir John has been killed in France and his son (Roddy McDowall) is brought up "as his father" before him" by the Scottish Nanny (Dame May Whitty). Off to school at seven, and then, shooting rabbits in the park, riding his pony, bowling for the village—the young squire, true to his traditions

The narrative poem *The White Cliffs*, the M.G.M. picture (Empire, Minister as an ambassador of goodwill and understanding between the young American girl who comes to England on a week's visit and stays a Great War, hears his son and finds herself facing, with her indomitable poem ends, but the film carries the theme full circle—the boy follows England. *The White Cliffs* took America by storm in 1940. Lynn it has been twice broadcast by the B.B.C. First published over here into many editions and sold over three hundred and fifty thousand copies



"On a fair spring morn
To me a son was born,
And hope was born—
The future lived again"

The day of the christening of John and Susan's son. In the poem Susan's choice of names is overruled—"the eldest son is always called Percy." In the film he is called John, after his father. Martita Hunt, Dame May Whitty, Irene Dunne and Sir Aubrey Smith



"I am American bred,
I have seen much to hate here—
much to forgive—
But in a world where England is
finished and dead,
I do not wish to live"

An interlude between the wars. Susan's son (now played by Peter Lawford) is at Cambridge. These were the ostrich years—"while youth passed resolutions not to fight, And statesmen muttered everything was right." June Lockhart plays the girl-friend



"Why should you die for England, too?"
He smiled:
"Is she not worth it, if I must?" he
said.
John would have answered yes—but
John was dead."

World War II. Susan has stayed in England, with her son (Peter Lawford). She joins the Red Cross—here the film adds a final chapter to the poem—and the boy dies of wounds in hospital



Packs Farm, Little Mapleton



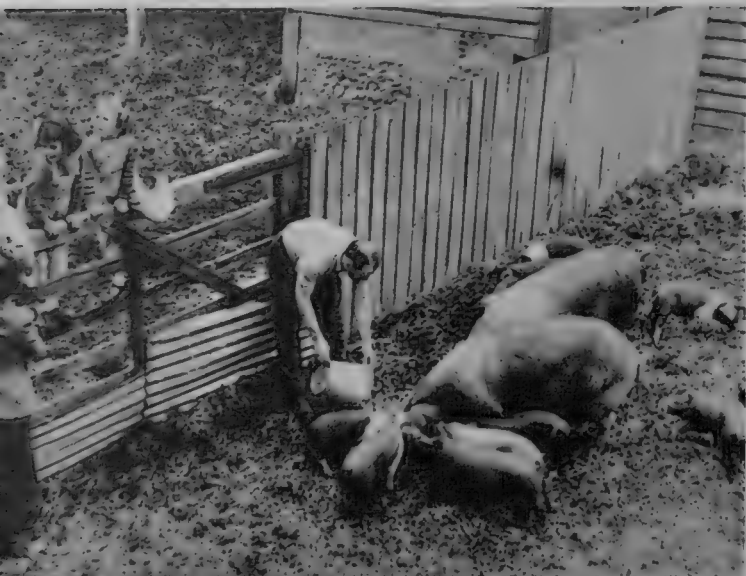
Mrs. Gosling and Her Children



Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Gosling

● Mr. and Mrs. Michael Spencer Gosling and their children live at Little Mapleton, Essex, where they are very busy farming 500 acres. Mr. Gosling, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Gosling, married in 1937 Miss Rachel Soames, only child of the late Major H. M. Soames, the well-known international polo player, and Mrs. Soames, of Stella's Cottage, Moor Park, Farnham. He is a nephew of Lady Victoria Gosling and a cousin of the Dowager Lady Remnant. Educated at Eton, where he played cricket for the school, he afterwards took his farming degree at Cambridge. The Goslings have three children, Gillian, Jenifer and Christopher; the two little girls are already very much at home in the saddle

*Photographs by
Swabe*



The Saddleback Pigs are Fed



A Family Outing with the Ponies



Swindon Ambulance Convoy

Members of the Scottish Branch of the British Red Cross Society section. Front row: Margaret Brown, Irene Ross, Sgt. Ruby White, Major Ashton, Mr. Percy Ballance, Mr. Peter Margetts, Sgt. Maureen Forsyth, Freda Macrorie, Jean Hill. Back row: Mary Brown, Peggy Hunt, Mary Ridehalgh, Jessica Sleight, Moira Gunn, Dorothy Robertson



"Stainless Stephen" in India

The well-known comedian was photographed with a group of officers at an R.A.F. unit. In front: F/Lt. K. B. Jeyes, P/O. A. Ahmed, F/O.s R. C. Gould, W. Kenworthy. Sitting: F/O. C. F. Pye, "Stainless Stephen," S/Ldr. D. A. DeS. Young-James (Officer Commanding), F/Lts. J. R. M. Kershaw, D. S. Young. Standing: Capt. R. E. Currey (R.E.), P/O. C. Waller, F/O. C. B. Wood, P/O. C. B. Hulme, Lt. F. A. Williams (R.A.)

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Why Don't They?

THE complaint that a recent race-meeting which was cancelled at short notice should have been switched to another venue, seeing that owners are already upon very short commons for opportunities to run their horses, and that the wartime season comes to an end in October instead of in November, was not well justified. The Government and the Stewards of the Jockey Club, working in the closest co-operation, have done their utmost under peculiarly difficult circumstances, which have been rendered even more so by recent enemy tactics. This particular meeting was not abandoned without good cause, and was cancelled on grounds of public safety. Whether it could have been transferred at high speed to some more removed spot is a very moot question. If, instead of indulging in so much "Why don't they?" the arm-chair critics sometimes paused to think, and then said: "How the devil do they manage it?" it would not only be more sensible, but fairer. The fact that racing, and many other things, were authorised at all during the traffic of one of the most difficult and stupendous operations of war, carried out, moreover, under the very muzzles of the enemy's guns, is an earnest of the intentions of the Powers As Be to interfere as little as possible with the healthy preoccupations of the subject and at the same time provide a tonic—if indeed that be necessary—to the national morale in conditions which are in some measure novel, and most certainly trying, to the civilians of this land, who, during previous conflicts, have had only a bit of the backwash of bloody war.

The Little Flaggers

THEY also are far too vociferous! A range of mountains, a wide river, thick woodland, a ridge, sardined with well-sited enemy guns, the Little Flag flies them all in its stride! It is just as easy as jumping fences from a railway carriage! Why don't they? Why haven't they? Why did they? It makes some of us, who do not believe in Little Flags, a bit tired. Which end of a formation in line has to move first when stationary and fastest, when on the move, in a wheel, the flank or the pivot? However, we shall never stop some of the "Why's." They even expect our intrepid Prime Minister to field in the slips, catch these Bugs, and lob them back to the Pas de Calais, Abbeville, or any other starting-point!

Our Simple Pleasures

SINCE the animal known as the horse is neither obsolete nor obsolescent, a good many people who still believe in the retention of old British pastimes and diversions will be able to carry on much as they used to do after this war is over—at any rate, where horseback-riding is concerned. The horse's medicinal value is unchallengeable, and is a thing quite apart from any other uses to which it is possible to put him; but one of his chiefest values is that he is a chattel which people have to buy and sell. It is in this department of his usefulness that he does the most to lighten the leaden-footed hours of our existence. What



Brig.-General Donald R. Goodrich

The Commanding General of the Eighth Air Force Service Command, "the man who puts the Forts in the air," recently received one of America's highest wartime decorations, the Legion of Merit, "for exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding services"



Middle East Racegoers

Lt. the Earl of Oxford and Asquith, R.E., who was appointed Assistant District Commissioner in Palestine in 1942, is here seen with Brig. A. A. J. Allen at a race-meeting somewhere in the Middle East

a large measure of the spice of life would depart from us if horse-dealing were done away with! Catch-as-catch-can wrestling is not in it with it, neither is poker. The expert at America's national card game, I feel sure, would always make a most successful horse-dealer, for the technique is so very similar. A parsonic voice, a face like one of those graven images in those temples up, the Nile, and a manner which suggests that the owner would not even steal a blind kitten's milk—these are the assets beyond price, either in horse-dealing or poker-playing. An actual stutter, or a simulated hardness of hearing, also come in very useful, for often they afford just that little fleeting moment in which a second thought can be formulated. Some purchasers are so downright and impatient that a little cæsura in the conversation is not only desirable, but absolutely imperative.

Question-Time

IN the course of the sale and barter of the horse, the two most frequent questions are: (a) Does he pull? (b) Can he jump? The answer to the former is common form: "Not if you don't pull at him." The answer to (b) is not always so simple. For instance, once upon a time there were two horse-vendors who

(Concluded on page 180)



Mixed Bag at the Races: by "The Tout"

Major-Gen. Sir James Burnett, who was racing at Newmarket the other day, is the father of Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, who was recently married to Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, the well-known and very successful trainer. Gordon Sadler trains at Headquarters, where his stable includes several useful horses, about the best of them being Monsoon, a good second to Hycilla in the Oaks. Happy Grace, Newmarket's crack two-year-old filly, belongs to Sir William Cooke, who also bred and owned her half-brother, the much discussed Happy Landing, which he sold last December Sales to Mr. Walter Hutchinson for 13,500 guineas. So far Happy Grace (His Grace—Happy Morn) remains unbeaten. C. Long trains at Carlton, near Newmarket, for Mrs. F. J. Barlow, whose Cosmophone filly won the Spring Stakes (Division II) at Newmarket earlier in the season.

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

both suffered from an impediment in their speech. The name of one was Frank; the name of the other was Arnold. When asked question (b) by a hopeful customer, Frank said: "Cuk-cuk-cuk-cak-can 'e jump-pup-pup-pup, Par-nold?" And Arnold, with tears in his voice, replied: "Fuf-fuf-fuf-fuf-Frank, 'ow cuk-cuk-cuk-cuk 'e juj-juj-juj ump?" It was never divulged specifically what the customer divined from this conversation, or whether he got a more direct answer upon the first occasion when he rode the animal at an unbreakable obstacle. The solution of questions as to whether he is lame or whether he must have "just hit hisself" in the stable, or whether it is the blanky man hanging on to his head, should never be attempted by any amateur. It is always best to leave them to the vet, no matter how much the vendor may say about "a bell of brass" or a trivet—the latter, by the way, being a thing that has never more than three legs upon which to stand.

Circumstances at present a bit beyond our control prevent my indulging in some current horse talk—to wit, about the entries for all these back-end events on the turf. An "interruption" has occurred which stymied even our valorous friend The Printer.

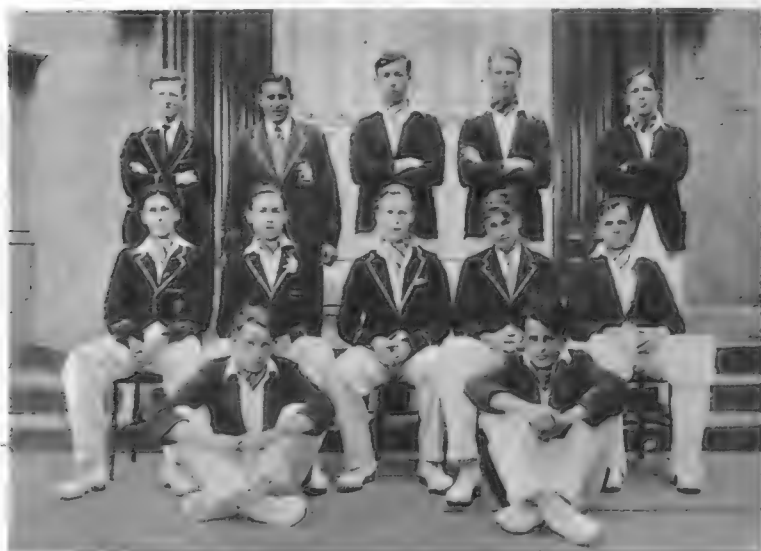
Party Policy

"WHAT a simply too marvellous party!" said the psychophantic pre-war-historic guest to the first Lady Halibut.

"Nothin' to what we'll 'ave to-morrow night!" hiccupped the Baroness. "We know so many, and it comes cheaper to have two doe's—arf the world first night, and the demi-monde the second!"

The Boche in Arcady

"EVERY soldier lost his individuality, all melted into uniformity in one great pot between Byelgorod and Jassy, caring nothing for Michael Angelo, Beethoven, Schopenhauer and Homer, but talking mostly of dirt, dust and heat." . . . After being bowered in flowers, oranges, grapes, plums and cherries and the Russian pancakes Sonyas Tamaras! Small wonder that these high-souled warriors dislike being kicked out neck and crop. The German News Agency carefully omits any mention of the babies that have been bayoneted, the fate of the Russian women and men, the gas-wagons, and the thousands whom these soldiers of Arcady have buried before they were dead.



Cheltenham Cricket XI. Plays the Old Cheltonians on Speech Day

Cheltenham XI., seen above, have beaten Felstead and Haileybury, and lost to Marlborough. In front: I. C. H. Moody, I. H. Veitch. Sitting: G. P. Davis, M. L. Jackson, M. J. E. Swiney (captain), P. H. Morley, M. H. Pedlow. Standing: J. Armstrong, Arthur Fagg (coach), B. A. R. Smith, P. D. Boyd-Wallis, P. W. Tucker



The Old Cheltonians team scored 72 runs against Cheltenham's 69 on Speech Day at the College. In front: R. M. Browning, C. D. Carr. Sitting: S/Ldr. D. F. Fitz-Gibbon, T. W. Beach, J. I. Piggott (captain), R. L. Prain, J. F. Sewell. Standing: J. C. Blakesby, A. G. K. Brown, J. P. Middlemiss, R. H. Jukes

D. R. Stuart



Officers of the Oxford City Battalion Home Guard

Johnson

Front row: Lts. A. R. Dickinson, E. P. Talbot, J. E. Newman, J. R. Withers, G. H. Loxston, R.S.M. H. J. Reeley, 2nd Lt. L. E. Knowlman, Lt. S. M. R. Gardner, 2nd Lt. H. Axtell, Lt. J. Wilsdon. Second row: Capt. W. C. Wyatt, Majors N. J. England (Batt. M.O.), E. A. Lever, H. F. O. Evans, M.B.E., A. D. Grant, R. P. Capel, Capt. B. Boulcott (Q.M.), Major G. F. J. Cumberlege, D.S.O., M.C., Lt.-Col. J. A. Douglas (C.O.), Capt. R. Carr-White, M.C. (Adj.), Majors E. A. Greswell, G. Gosselin, F. H. Taylor, R. W. Smart, Capt. N. G. Miller, T. G. B. Osborn, E. G. H. Mack. Third row: Lts. P. C. Carter, C. J. Wilsdon, E. C. Parnwell, C. H. Turner, C. Cherry, Capt. F. E. Cairns, G. L. Chapple, H. G. Hanbury, Lts. F. A. Collett, T. H. R. Williams, Capt. S. J. Kingerlee, P. A. Thomas, Lts. K. T. Parker, L. A. Wilding. Back row: Capt. C. F. Davies, Lts. T. Bosbury, M.M., F. Potter, W. Eckford, H. E. Peto, D. R. Thomas, M.C., P. A. Jackson, A. E. King, C. F. Wise, T. A. Morris, G. T. Rowse, A. W. Tovell, A. E. Gorbould, A. Birkett, H. F. Barge, T. M. Connelly, F. W. Binham, A. Stanley Brooke, 2nd Lt. C. J. Howard, Lt. A. J. Bolt, 2nd Lt. J. K. Williams, Lt. H. S. Glyde, R. J. Seacombe, J. N. S. Brogden, F. W. Cope, A. W. Duce, C. H. Daniell, F. G. G. Jones

On Active Service

Right: This photograph was taken on the occasion of an inspection by Gen. Sir Bernard Montgomery. Front row: Majors J. S. C. G. de Longueville, J. W. Hyde, C. R. P. Sweeney, M.C., Capt. W. E. S. Sturgeon, Lt.-Col. L. H. Richards, the Commanding Officer, Gen. Sir Bernard L. Montgomery, K.C.B., D.S.O., Majors B. J. Fitz G. Donlea, M.C., W. D. Tighe-Wood, Capt. M. D. G. C. Ryan, J. R. St. J. Aldworth, C. H. D. Henniker (Q.M.). Second row: Lts. G. P. Flack, L. F. Laving, Capt. J. G. Guinane, R.A.Ch.D., N. R. V. Watson, H. M. Gaffikin, K. G. Perona-Wright, C. R. Gray, J. Montgomery, W. H. Boudains, M.M., A. C. Bird, C. R. Wright, R.A.M.C. Third row: Capt. H. M. Sheane, Lts. R. D. Purcell, H. Greene, F. W. McFaul, R. C. Diserens, R. S. Hall, E. J. Bourke, S. E. Frost, S. C. N. Beaven, R. Lyttle, S. M. Lennox. Back row: Lts. C. C. Rand, H. D. D. O'Neil, W. E. Palmer, D. H. Walsh, D. R. R. Greer, M. P. Scanlan, J. H. St. J. Cooper, Capt. F. Kirk, M.C.



Officers of a Battalion of the Royal Ulster Rifles



D. R. Stuart

Officers and Warrant Officers of an American Cavalry Squadron

Front row: Lts. McAvoy, Lake, Capt. Meyer, Majors Person, Saunders, Capt. Enyeart, Clifford, Lt. Buenzle. Middle row: Lts. Pierce, Genaro, Pierson, Etnire, Beetham, Allen, Neal, Rice, Capt. Haley. Back row: Lt. Brenner, W/Os. Walker, Hoening, Capt. Tallman, Lts. Freret, Baker, Boulton, Hull



Officers of an R.A.S.C. Mobilisation Centre

Front row: Capt. L. J. Hayden, Majors I. V. B. Charles, A. E. Springett, the Commandant, Majors C. E. Corney, D. R. Anderson, Capt. E. E. Rogers. Second row: Sub. N. Robertson, Capt. F. C. Needham, K. J. A. Lloyd, T. L. Williams, N. W. Rawlings, J/Cdr. N. Wigley, Capt. H. G. Edwards, Lt. H. Shepherd, Rev. T. W. B. Thomas, C.F., Sub. A. M. Unglass. Third row: Capt. W. S. Gilbert, Lt. M. R. Haggitt, Capt. F. W. Bishop, C. A. Everitt, B. C. Cadel, A. R. McCabe, Lt. W. E. L. Mabe. Back row: Lts. J. E. Menear, F. Sunter, W. H. Darker, J. R. C. Curzon

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Told to the Children

THESE days, with history in the vigorous making, one finds oneself confronted, at every turn, by references to history already made. Almost nothing that happens to-day is without precedent; we become more and more conscious that our experience is only one more repetition of an enormous pattern. Few of us are so dull as to be content to let events roll and grind, like armour, over our heads without attempting to "place" them, to know their character. To be ignorant of history, one comes to realise, is, more or less, to be incompletely alive. Nine out of ten of us wish we knew more history—that we had not forgotten what we were once taught, or that we had read more widely when there was more time.

Happy, we feel, are those who are still at school. For the grown-up of fairly long standing, return to intensive study is never easy, and is, in wartime, point-blank impossible: till peace brings back leisure, the many-volumed works of the great historians must in vain await us on the library shelves. For the time being we must seek history in popular, quick-to-the-eye and—let us admit it frankly—in potted forms. With this the publishers are not slow to supply us: historical biography, for instance (which has the merit of assembling facts around one interesting central figure), occupies a large place in the library-lists; and so do "period" studies of every kind. These have, as I see it, a somewhat insidious charm—there can be too much colour, too much care to present what the reader will immediately find dramatic. As a would-be traveller in the past, I, for one, like my guide-books tersely and plainly written. Should I, therefore, turn to history written for children?

Having just read Eleanor Doorly's *The Story of France* (Cape; 8s. 6d.), I feel inclined to reply "Yes." My knowledge of French history could not be more patchy—apart from a little serious reading around the two or three centuries that most interest me, it has been culled from memoirs, biographies, visits to châteaux and, still more irresponsibly, from historical novels. To read the story of France from the Stone Age up to the present day is something I should, at this juncture, never have undertaken, were it not for the activities of Miss Doorly. *The Story of France* is written for English and American children—not for their schoolroom hours, but for their voluntary reading. It is, however, deformed by none of those inanities which some well-meaning grown-ups still think necessary when wishing to please or interest the young.

Where It Happened

THERE could not, of course, be a better moment for the appearance of any book of French history. And is it not still more appropriate to address such a book to a generation of children, at our side of the water, who have entered

on their first intelligent years while France was a sad, veiled and puzzling name? One could imagine (how tragic!) a child of this age-group asking: "But, Mummie, what is France?"

What France is, and how she came to be it, is exactly what Miss Doorly sets out to tell. Her method is pictorial without being over-picturesque. She is concrete, and indulges in no theorising. Her simplifications—necessary for clearness, and for the saving of space—involve no dishonesties: invisible asterisks seem to mark the points at which they occur. While she does not embark on religious, political or psychological deep waters, she does not fail to indicate their presence. If the most cynical grown-up reader's eye can detect any hanky-panky, I shall be much surprised. And the straightforward, grown-up reader, desiring information, should have no cause to complain that Miss Doorly has kept him short.

The Introduction shows the manner of the approach:

One spring [says Miss Doorly], between the two great wars of this century, we—the illustrator and I—took a little car to France to look for her history along roads arched over with fruit-trees in flower, among towns and villages, ruins and castles.

Imagine that you were with us on that journey. We shall not follow a continuous route. If we are to keep to the order of the years, History will transport us from place to place, and the loveliness of the country between must be left to your imagination. But you will be able to find the places on the map, and one day in happier times perhaps you will be able to visit them yourself.

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

TAKING it as a general rule, with, of course, the requisite number

of exceptions, I have always found Old Ladies much nicer than Old Gentlemen. Nicer, that is, in its most comprehensive sense. There is a psychological fragrance about Old Ladies which Old Gentlemen are usually too self-centred to cultivate. Consequently, Old Ladies are much more understanding and sympathetic, and this, because it makes them eager to enter into the lives and interests of others, renders them amusing as companions. Old Gentlemen, on the other hand, expect you to enter into theirs—which is usually uphill work. The truth is, I suppose, that age—apart from the blow of lost sexual attraction—robs Old Ladies of little that makes their lives interesting.

Being curious, as women are, concerning human life about them; being absorbed by domesticity, personal relationships, the odds-and-ends of existence, the creaking years creak infinitely less for them than for Old Gentlemen who, robbed of being any longer the head of anything, face their decline resentfully and can easily become very edgy about it. Thus, unconsciously self-pitying, they too often seek to regain their lost authority by fuming at the modern world while ensconced in armchairs which must never on any account be occupied by alien beings! With a home, no woman is ever cut adrift from the roots of her existence. Too many old men have no roots left when once Time has thrown them back upon themselves

By Richard King

and, so to speak, they find themselves alone. The big world goes on very well

without them, but a woman can get on very well without the big world—if only she has time to knit, time to look after somebody else, time, metaphorically speaking, to have a nice chat and a good cup of tea. The effects of a World Crisis leave her dim, but she brightens considerably when her grand-children pay a call. Consequently, her society can often afford the comfort of the weary-heart-coming-home.

One rarely has that kind of comfort when visiting Old Gentlemen. They are usually uninterested in weary hearts other than their own. Metaphorically speaking, they are not interested in Tommy's Tummy-ache, but solely in Tommy's future or past. Which, of course, creates a yawning chasm between Tommy and his Grandpapa.

Grandmamma, on the other hand, accepts Tommy as he is. Is he warm enough? Would he like Grandmamma to tell him some gossip of her youth? Is he still in love with that girl? Would he like a cup of tea? She could live to be Mrs. Methuselah and still be interested, if only life continued to present her with opportunity to fuss around. She is kept alive by little things. Subconsciously she knows that though the outer world may change completely, joy in the rattle of the tea-cups remains inviolate. It is, moreover, a human joy which she can share with others until, perchance, arthritis lays her flat.



"You needn't have troubled after all; I've just remembered, I've read it"

Those of an age to have travelled in France will find this way of relating history to its exact locale particularly attractive—and effective. To have personal memories of the Dordogne, Provence, Touraine, Burgundy, the forests around Paris, and so on, recalled by this vivid pen is in itself a pleasure. We start, for our first Stone Age men, with the drawings in the Dordogne caves. For Vercingetorix we go into the Clermont-Ferrand country; the excellent chapter on Roman Gaul affords us a sweeping, sunny view of Provence. The chapter entitled "Disorder and the Normans" gives us the

tract between the Seine and the Loire; we meet the Middle Ages at Coucy; later, all over France, we watch the cathedrals rise, and, with particular closeness, the building of Chartres. The troubadours and ladies of ill-fated Carcassonne, the scholars of Paris, become realities. For the Renaissance we have, of course, the Loire châteaux and Jacques Coeur's Bourges town house. And so on.

The seventeenth- and eighteenth-century chapters (more exacting work from the point of view of compression) are excellent: justice has been done, with surprising brevity, to le Roi Soleil and his age; and I commend again, for brevity, coupled with good sense, "The Causes of the French Revolution." We are not given too much about Napoleon; and the nineteenth century and the first decades of our own have been skilfully telescoped. All through *The Story of France* there is a nice flow of anecdote; as well as a lively physical realism with regard to more famous characters. Charlemagne, for instance, had a high, piping voice, and Joan of Arc (unlike her many representations) was no ethereal blonde.

Miss Katherine Lloyd's illustrations (pen-and-ink sketches) are in tone with the character of the book.

(Concluded on page 184)

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review
of Weddings and Engagements



Hardinge — Balfour



Wake — Wynne-Finch

Lt. Roger Wake, R.N., second son of Major-Gen. Sir Hereward and Lady Wake, of Courteenhall Hall, Northampton, and Miss Olwyn Mary Wynne-Finch, younger daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Wynne-Finch, of Voelas, Bettws-y-Coed, North Wales, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Houston — Moore-Gwyn

Lt. A. Lindsay Houston, Fleet Air Arm, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Houston, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, married Miss Pamela Aline Moore-Gwyn, younger daughter of Col. H. G. Moore-Gwyn, late Rifle Brigade, of Pitt Corner House, Winchester, at the Chapel of St. Cross, Winchester

Left: Pay-Lt. George Edward Charles Hardinge, R.N., son of the Hon. Sir Alexander and Lady Hardinge, St. James's Palace, S.W., married Miss Janet Christine Goschen Balfour, daughter of Lt.-Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Frances Balfour, of The Cleve, Ross, Herefordshire, at Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford



Van den Bosch — Cloquet

The marriage took place quietly at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens, of Mr. Jean van den Bosch, of the Belgian Foreign Office, London, and Mlle. Hélène Cloquet, of 37, Glebe Place, Chelsea



Miss Hilaré Napier *Navana*

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Napier, of Pennard House, Shepton Mallet, Somerset, announced her engagement recently to Mr. Peter Lovatt, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Lovatt, of Messon Hall, near Wellington, Salop



Fraser — Drummond

Major Richard Michael Fraser, R.A., younger son of Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Fraser, of 16, Albion Place, Aberdeen, and Miss Elizabeth Chloë Drummond, elder daughter of Brigadier C. A. F. Drummond, of Guards Well, Ascot, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 169)

A feature of this exhibition, which is open until August 19th, is the "Human Torpedo," so recently in the news in the Mediterranean. This is an exact model, with life-size wax figures at the controls. Another exhibit is a periscope used in the "midget" submarines. There are also various mines, a depth-charge and depth-charge thrower, a German parachute mine, and several British minesweeping devices and scale models of our minesweepers; this branch of the Navy has been invaluable once again in our landings in Normandy. Amongst others who came to this opening were Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Wake-Walker, the Third Sea Lord and Controller of the Navy, who was talking to Mr. A. W. F. Burton, Deputy Director of Armoured Supply.



Fred Ash

Christening at a Fleet Air Arm Station in the North

In this picture taken at the christening of Jennifer Jane Beryl Heming, daughter of Lt.-Cdr. and Mrs. Heming, are: (Sitting) Roger and Guy Heming, Mrs. Fogg-Elliott, Mrs. Holloway, Miss E. Heming, W.R.N.S., Lt.-Cdr. Heming, R.N.V.R., Mrs. Heming with the baby, Lt. Bowden, Mrs. Freyberg, Capt. Freyberg, C.B.E., R.N., the Rev. — Newhouse, R.N.V.R., Chief/O. Neame, W.R.N.S. (Standing) 3rd/O. Milburn, W.R.N.S., Mr. Preston, R.M., Surg. Lt. Golding, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lt. Wybrow, R.N.V.R., Cdr. Fogg-Elliott, R.N., Surg.-Lt. (D.) Cook, R.N.V.R., S/Ldr. Haines, R.C.A.F., Lt. Kingswell, R.N., G/Capt. Massey, R.C.A.F., Sub-Lt. Burley, R.N.V.R., Lt. Gibson, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lt. Brennan, R.N.V.R., Surg. Lt. (D.) Hopper, R.N.V.R., Mr. Carey, Cmsd. Gnr. R.N., Surg. Lt./Cdr. (D.) Cross, R.N.V.R., Sister Dean, Q.A.R.N.N.S.R.

The Thistle Foundation

LORD LINLITHGOW, ex-Viceroy of India, gave some interesting information at a Press conference in Edinburgh recently on a new Scottish war venture—the Thistle Foundation—which is to provide a unique housing scheme for the benefit of gravely disabled ex-Service men and their families in Scotland. There will be houses, a clinic and a gymnasium.

The cost is estimated at £150,000, and already the first £100,000 has almost been subscribed, including £50,000 from the Scottish branch of the British Red Cross Society. No site has been selected.

The founder and president of the Thistle Foundation is Mr. Francis C. T. Tudsbery, of Champfleurie, Linlithgow, West Lothian, a Chairman of the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire Hunt Committee.



The Naval Exhibition at Harrods

Inaugurating the exhibition at Harrods, entitled "Five Years of Naval Warfare," were Rear-Admiral Sir Martin Dunbar-Nasmith, Vice-Admiral D. W. Boyd and Lord Bruntisfield, Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, who opened the proceedings. One of the exhibits was a "human torpedo," shown for the first time

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 182)

Theatre-Going

"RED LETTER NIGHTS" (Cape; 12s. 6d.), a sequel to *Brief Chronicles*, is a survey of post-Elizabethan plays seen by James Agate on the London stage during the last twenty years. It is divided into five sections—Restoration Comedy, Ibsen, Foreign Plays, New English Plays, and American Plays.

Nothing could be more welcome than this perpetuation of Mr. Agate's own favourites among his *Sunday Times* articles. The effect of these, placed one upon another, is cumulative—what a giant of a critic he is! And how strongly this stuff stands out, with its insistence on the abiding values as against ephemeral theatre-reportage. Here we have the great tradition, plus that something of Mr. Agate's own. The selection is interesting in itself; we deal here only with plays that for one reason or other brought out this critic's big guns. "Some readers [says Mr. Agate in the Dedictory Letter], looking to find what was said about their favourite play and not finding it, will be disappointed. Not everybody will realise that in the last twenty-two years I have seen between 4000 and 5000 plays. Or perceive that since this book is limited to 100 notices, the method of compilation must have been one of dipping." In this I have tried to combine generosity with discrimination.

Secret sources of fantasy, interest or sentiment may account for the ordinary theatre-goer's choice of his "favourite play." Impersonally, I think that most of you will agree that few plays that made their mark in London within the last twenty years have been left out. The omission of mention of plays by one popular dramatist must, I imagine, be due to courtesy—either to the man's memory or to the public who hold him dear. In the main, we have, in *Red Letter Nights*, a retrospective view of the best of Shaftesbury Avenue between the two wars, and on into the first years of this one. The enterprisingness of the post-the-last-war theatre strikes one: experiments, importations, courageous ventures were many. In the "Twenties," for instance, we had the fashion of playing Tchekov at funeral pace, on a practically blacked-out stage; we had the Nigel Playfair productions at Hammer-smith; we had the wits of Messrs. Noel Coward and Somerset Maugham at their most iconoclastic with "The Vortex" and "Our Betters"; we had Pirandello in English and in Italian; we had Strindberg at the Globe, then at the Apollo; and we gave a fair try-out to German Expressionism.

Advance?

IN the 'Thirties we speeded up Tchekov and turned more lights on; we were visited by the Compagnie des Quinze, the Théâtre du Vieux Colombar and the Comédie Française, but were, in the main, I should say, less cosmopolitan. America did us well with the Eugene O'Neill plays; and from them came Clare Booth's "The Women," Steinbeck's "Mice and Men," and Sherwood's "Idiot's Delight." It is in the pieces on Restoration Comedy and on Ibsen that we have Mr. Agate at his intellectual all-out—both in appraisal of the given performance and in analysis of the build of the play. Mrs. Patrick Campbell's Hedda Gabbler ("more the antique Roman than the Norsewoman of the cold gaze and impoverished chignon") and Edith Evans's Millamant—"There is a pout of the lips, a jutting forward of the chin to greet the conceit, and a smile of happy deliverance when it is uttered"—are immortalised. Mr. Agate is stimulating in his suggestion of Tchekov's wrathfulness. "Tchekov is not one of the effectual angels. He is not filled with righteous wrath against anything or anybody. . . . 'People are like this!' is all that Tchekov has to say about any of his characters; they are static in the sense that nothing can be done about them . . . there is never anything to be done about people unless they do it themselves." For sheer wit, see the notice of "The Three Sisters" (page 101).

You may also relish the formula for a successful West End play: "Avoidance of any kind of truth, wit which does not rise out of character, but is an impartial distribution from the author's private pepper-pot, and, as to players, stars of whoppingest magnitude with no nonsense about team-work—this cannot be wrong."

Feeling Runs High

FEELING runs high at auctions, as habitués—or should one say addicts?—know. Phoebe Atwood Taylor's *Going, Going, Gone* (Crime Club; 7s. 6d.) tells the exciting tale of a New England country auction, in which our old friend Asey Mayo (Cape Cod spare-time detective, switched over, since the war, into tank production) is involved. Asey Mayo wanted to go and fish, but his Cousin Jennie, whose passion for buying whatnots was inflamed, this time, by a rumour of hidden money, rushed him along to the sale of dead John Alden's effects. The discovery of the corpse of Solatia Spry inside a sea-chest rewarded Asey's good nature.

Though I always like Miss Atwood Taylor's settings and characters, I have, at times, found her Asey Mayo a trifle slow. This time, however, the tanks must have done him good. Beach wagons, wise-cracking locals, good cooking and a pleasing young girl called Polly, of suspicious behaviour, sunburned legs and a lacquered pompadour hair-do, add to this story a cheerful charm.

Many of our visitors from Overseas who have never been to Britain before are prevented by their wartime jobs and the difficulties of travel from seeing the country thoroughly. A useful souvenir comes from the British Council—this is *Britain* (1s. 6d.)—which ranges in a series of excellent photographs from Loch Broom to Dover Castle. It can be bought only by men and women in the uniforms of the Commonwealth, Empire, United States and other Allied Forces.



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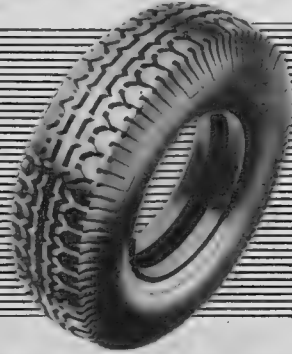
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● Another of the Wolsey designs is this two-piece outfit. The short-sleeved dress and tailored jacket is of wool jersey; vest and collar are detachable. (17 coupons.) Approximately £9 15s. 2d. From Dickins and Jones, and Jenners, Edinburgh

PLANNING AHEAD FOR AUTUMN

● Top: A white kid lovers' knot decorates the buckle of this original black suede belt. £1. From Finnigan's. Below: Brass rings, cunningly threaded, ornament this one of green suede. 9s. 10d. From Swan and Edgar

Photographs by
Conolly

● Ship, bird and dragon motifs make exciting motifs for these fine buttons. They are in shining gilt; provide the perfect antidote to last-year boredom with last year's dress or coat. 4s. 3d. each. From Selfridge's





Anne French regrets that she has been unable to supply many of her clients with her Cleansing Milk. After the war, however, she hopes once again to supply all the demands of the home market. In the meantime, she is helping the war effort by developing her business abroad where her Cleansing Milk is becoming increasingly popular.

CLEANSING MILK BY

Anne French

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Stories from Everywhere

THE easterly wind had dried the land, and the crops were suffering from the drought, so the agriculturists of the parish waited on the minister with a request to "put up a word or two for rain."

The minister, who had a reputation for the efficacy of his supplications on previous occasions, heard the deputation gravely, and, after a silence, during which he carefully scanned the horizon, replied: "A wull, but A'll bide a wee till the wind's mair aff the west!"

A CERTAIN Scotsman, whose gardens were noted for their fine fruit, once sent a basket of hothouse grapes to Queen Victoria. Graciously she acknowledged the gift in a personal letter, and complimented the donor on the excellence of his grapes.

The man thought that his old gardener would be pleased to share the compliment, and handed the letter to him, saying: "Here, Sandy; that's from the Queen."

Sandy read the letter through carefully, and then, after a long pause, said: "She disna say onythin' aboot sendin' back the basket!"

THE owner of a huge West Texas ranch, deciding that the children of his cowhands and tenants had been left in ignorance long enough, built a little schoolhouse and employed a young woman as teacher.

On opening day the pupils, ranging from six years to twenty, filed in. One, who wore boots and spurs and a broad-brimmed hat, was half a head taller than the teacher. While the young woman was getting acquainted with her small charges, asking names and previous scholastic attainments, this son of the open spaces sat comfortably on a desk top, beguiling the tedium by running a spur up and down the iron leg of the desk.

Finally it came to his turn. After he had given his name the teacher asked: "Can you read?"

The lanky youth looked at her, his eyes popping and his jaw agape. "Read?" he bellowed. "Why, damn it, I ain't been here but an hour!"

A BRITISH officer was arguing with an American officer as to which army had the better discipline.

As the American was talking, one of his men came in.

"Cap'n," said the private, "can I have your jeep to-night? I've got to take out a dame."

"Sure," replied the officer. Then, turning to the Briton, he said: "There's a proof of our discipline. He needn't have asked me."

A NEW vicar was calling on his new parishioners and in one of the houses, that of an old couple, he noticed that the clock on the mantelpiece in the living-room was telling the correct hour, but the grandfather clock in the hall had not been altered to summer time.

"Doesn't it confuse you to have them telling different times?" he asked.

"Well, it's like this, sir," said the old man. "Grandfather clock 'ave been telling the truth for nigh on a hundred years and I can't some'ow find it in my 'cart to make 'im tell lies now. But that clock," he went on, pointing to the mantelpiece timepiece, "that be German make, so it be all right for 'im."

THE class was having a spelling lesson.

"How do you spell neat?" asked the teacher.

"N-e-a-t," replied one of the boys.

"Correct—and what does it mean?"

"No soda, sir."



Supporters of the Stage Door Canteen in Britain

In spite of doodles, a large audience was at the Plaza Cinema to see the premiere presentation of "Going My Way," the latest Bing Crosby, which was held to aid the London Stage Door Canteen Funds. Among supporters of the canteen are Mr. Charles Dickson, Mr. Robert S. Freeman, Mrs. Dickson and Mrs. Freeman. Mrs. Freeman is perhaps better known as actress-singer Polly Ward, recently voted Britain's No. 1 "Pin-up girl."

TWO Irishmen were discussing the merits of Socialism. "Sure, 'tis the happy time," said Pat. "'Tis the brotherhood of man and good-fellyship of all. If you had two hundred pounds you'd let me have tin of them. But can't Mike?"

"I would that!" said Mike heartily. "And if you had a hundred horses the tin would be mine?"

"Faith, they would!"

"An', if ye had two pigs, sure, they'd be one?"

"I would not! Ye know perfectly well I'd have two pigs!"

eugène



The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

Whenever I see
hands in a stocking,
I think:
"Ab—



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Flight Lieutenant Rene Van Lierde (centre), of the Belgian Air Force, created a record by destroying twenty-seven flying bombs in less than twelve hours' flying. Above, he is interviewed at the microphone by M. Théo Fleischman. On the right is Squadron Leader Maréchal. Flight Lieutenant Van Lierde has the Belgian Croix de Guerre with six palms, and the D.F.C., to which has been added a bar for his recent successes

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Robotism
My somewhat vague remarks the other day about the possibilities of the automatic control of aircraft have brought me some interesting comments. One reader takes me (metaphorically, thank goodness) to the railways and contrasts the activities of the old-fashioned engine-driver and fireman with those of the motor man.

The motor man, who drives an electric train, has fewer things to do and fewer responsibilities and my correspondent suggests that the trend in aviation will be in the same direction. The pilot, as a man who juggles with levers and taps, is in a decline. The pilot of tomorrow will be an aerial motor man, who works on one or two simple levers and has most of the responsibility taken away from him. But shall we eventually come to the time when the commercial airlines are without pilots altogether? Shall we have the crewless commercial aircraft? Technically there is no reason why we should not come to that stage. All the devices for making an aircraft fly on a set course are already available.

Probably safety would be enhanced by the introduction of the aerial automaton. The only thing that would suffer would be the sentimental regard for the man who is in charge of the machine—the pilot. We might take some time to get over our engine-driver complex; but probably it could be done and we should be perfectly happy with aircraft which went from place to place at the instruction of a man sitting in a control room pressing buttons.

Safety
Clearly safety would benefit from the impersonal control. I have sometimes pointed out that the safest people in this war are the higher commanders of the air services who have the deepest dug-outs to go to and who are not required by their duties to come to grips with the enemy.

Similarly aviation in peace time would probably be made safer if it were controlled by people on the ground, not subject to the strains and stresses of actual flight. They could press their buttons in a perpetual state of perfect calm and they would not be liable to make the mistakes the ordinary pilot makes.

So the civil air line of the future may well be a line operated by crewless aircraft, working on radio beams, controlled remotely from rooms on the ground. Such a line would be safe and certain if not exciting.

And, by the way, one of my correspondents took me up for saying that I could not see crewless buses running along Piccadilly. He asks why not? And when one comes to think of it the question is pertinent. Routes run by crewless buses are possible with modern technical knowledge and might have some special advantages.

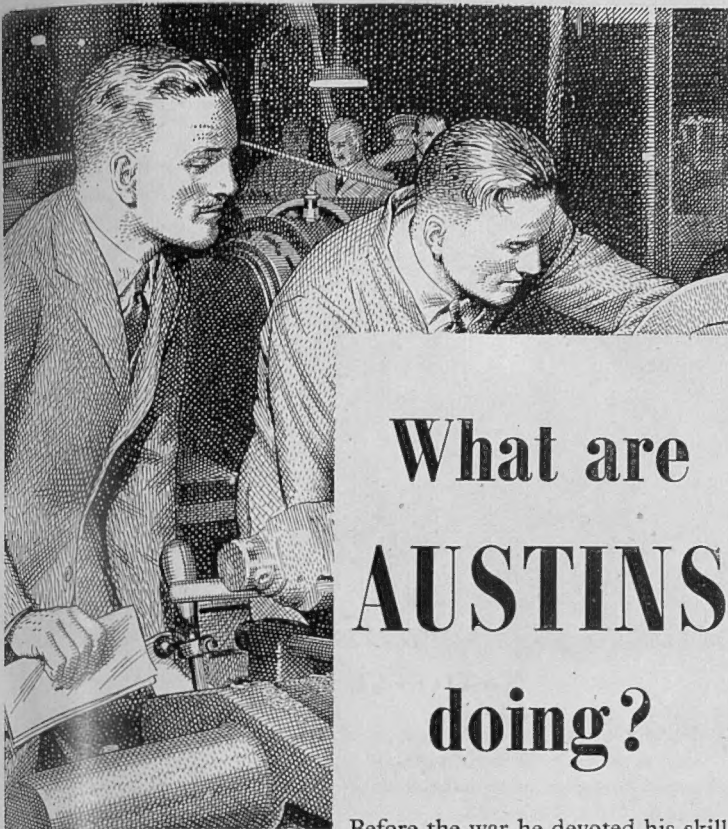
Short Distances
Those who ask about the future of the helicopter do not always recognize how closely this type of aircraft is bound up with average range. Whether the helicopter will become popular or not depends to a large extent upon the average journey distance of the group of people capable of buying helicopters. The first thing to decide is the price of the ordinary touring helicopter. The income group which might own the machines can then be settled. After that the really keen market researcher would find out the average journey length for that group. If it were thirty miles or less the helicopter would be bound to offer better chances of success than the ordinary aeroplane. If it were 100 miles or more the ordinary aeroplane would begin to show a superior rendering.

The Americans, who are particularly fond of statistics, say that the average journey distance of the average man living in the average American city is much below thirty miles. It seems that people use their motor cars more often for the short trip than for the long journey. Hence the hope for the helicopter.

Schneider Echoes
None can over-estimate the value of the Schneider Trophy races to Great Britain. First of all they gave rise to the Spitfire—for I doubt if Mitchell would have received the inspirational stimulus from any less sources—then they gave rise to the Rolls-Royce Merlin and (even more distinctively) Griffon engines. Then they allowed to emerge some of the world's greatest pilots.

It was a great tragedy when George Stainforth was killed, for I always looked upon him as the greatest (and I make no exceptions whatever) pilot I have ever known. But it also allowed other fine pilots to emerge. R. L. R. Atcherley, for instance, and John Boothman, who recently received the Distinguished Flying Cross and who has now tackled almost every flying job there is.

We do well to remember what we owe to those wonderful races. They went to my mind, the best sporting events of the century. The England-Australia air race was the only other sporting event I would put beside them and that had not quite the same réclame for it had to be followed at second hand through the newspapers and the radio and could not be watched.



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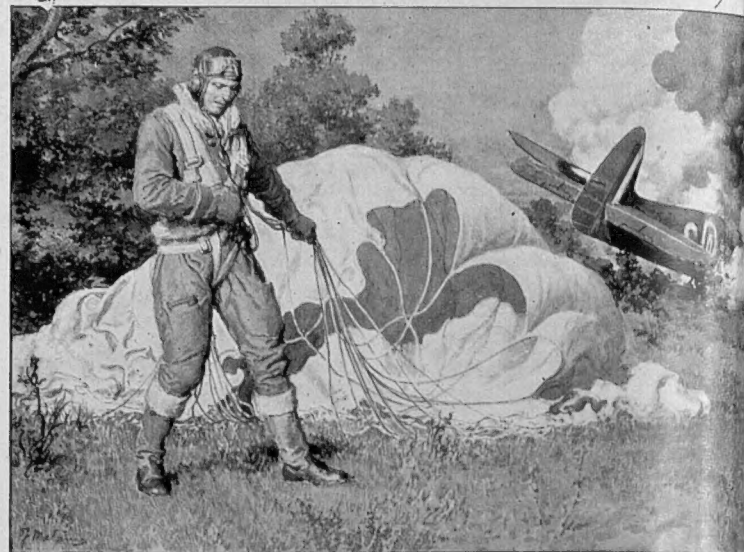
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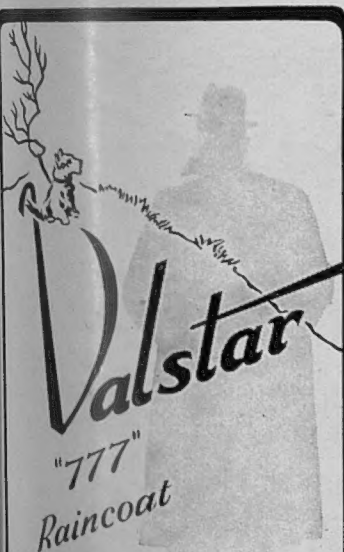
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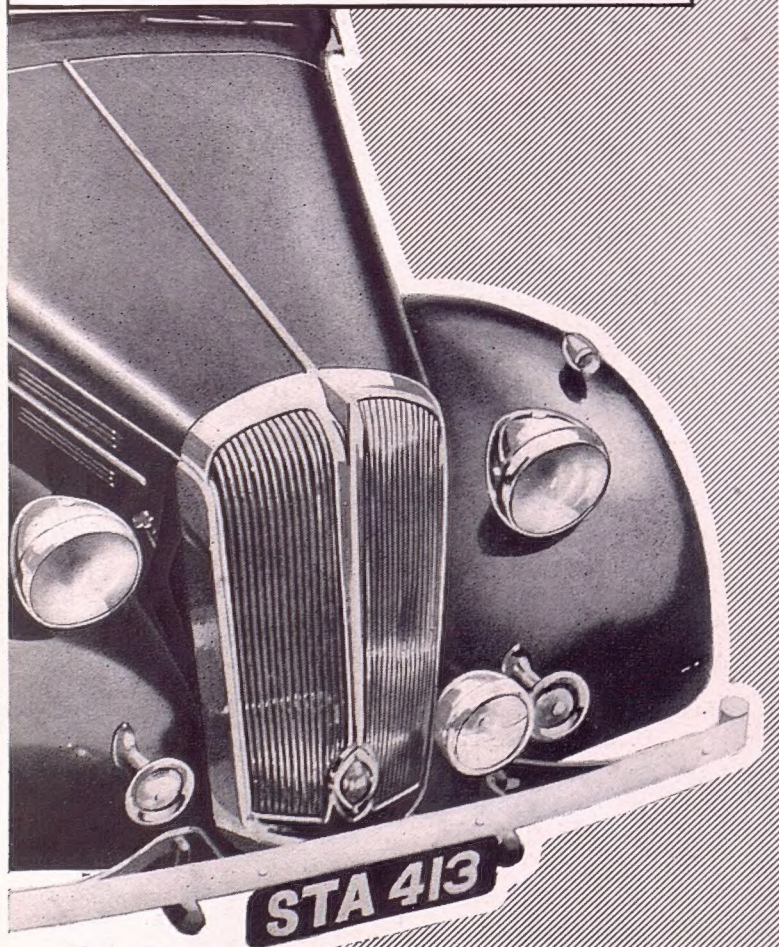
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